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From the Paducah Herald.
PIN 'EM BACK, GIRLS—PIN 'EM BACK.

Some people will growl about fashion,
And prate of its follies, but then
It is law, for Shakespeare hath said, it
"Wears out more apparel than men."
"Out of fashion"—the world will ignore you,
And call you a dowdy, a lack;
Then a hint to the wise is sufficient—
Pin 'em back, girls—pin 'em back.
In Rome one of course would be Roman;
Fools follow the fashion, "they say."
But 'tis only the fools, lovely woman,
Who heed such croakers as they!
Some ink-slingers use too much scandal,
And of "plump, round limbs" talk too slack,
But the tighter, the neater and sweeter,
So pin 'em back, girls—pin 'em back.

Some girls, like Susan B. Anthony,
Strong-minded, may stickle for rights,
And dressed out in strong Bloomer costume
Have made themselves hideous frights;
But these are not rules—"they're exceptions,"
And ought to be burned at the rack;
Who cares if you can't climb a ladder;
Pin 'em back, girls—pin 'em back.
Long trails and low necks had their season,
Skirts gathered in frills and gored down;
The train-lifter, bustle and sweater,
Hoops large and small both wore the crown,
Have your own sweet way, pretty Misses,
Let impudence stare in a pack;
The world moves at your smiles and your
kisses—
Do just as you please—pin 'em back.

Old maids may scold at your caprice,
And talk of the good "Long Ago,"
They had as many fancies as you have,
The world's all illusion and show,
Then out the skirts down tighter, closer,
Who cares for the world's idle clock,
Let boys cry anatomy, muscle,
Keep up hearts, girls, be sure—pin 'em
back!

"To-day" is an age of progression,
Who cares for gossip—such stuff!
No odds if you can't step two inches;
Sit sideways, 'tis easy enough;
And 'twill show off your form and your figure,
But at this you all have a knack;
Have your own pretty, sweet ways and notions,
Pin 'em back, girls, by Jove, pin 'em back!

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty
Years After," "Bracegirdle, the
Son of Athos," "The Three
Musketeers," "The Three
Musketeers," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

POPULAR JUDGE.
The young man, with his hat still
clonched over his eyes, still leaning on
the arm of the officer, and still wiping
from time to time his brow with his
handkerchief, was watching in a corner
of the Buitenhof, in the shade of the
overhanging weather-board of a closed
shop, the doings of the infuriated mob,
a spectacle which seemed to draw near
its catastrophe.

"Indeed," said he to the officer, "in-
deed, I think you were right, Van De-
ken, the order which the deputies have
signed, is truly the death-warrant of Mas-
ter Cornelius. Do you hear these people?
They certainly bear a sad grudge to the
two De Wittes."

"In truth," replied the officer, "I never
heard such shouts."
"They seemed to have found out the
cell of the man. Look, look, is not that
the window of the cell where Cornelius
was locked up?"

A man had seized with both hands,
and was shaking the iron bars of the
window, in the room which Cornelius
had left only ten minutes before.

"Halloo, halloo," the man called out,
"he is gone."

"How is that? gone?" asked those of
the mob, who had not been able to get
into the prison, crowded as it was with
the masses of intruders.

"Gone, gone," repeated the man in a
rage, "the bird has flown."

"What does this man say?" asked His
Highness, growing quite pale.

"Oh! Monsieur, he says a thing
which would be very fortunate if it
should turn out true!"

"Certainly, it would be fortunate if it
were true," said the young man, "unfor-
tunately it cannot be true."

"However, look—," said the officer.
And indeed, some more faces, furious
and contorted with rage, showed them-
selves at the windows, crying—

"Escaped, gone, they have helped them
off!"

And the people in the street repeated
with fearful imprecations—

"Escaped! gone! Let it run after
them, and pursue them!"

"Monsieur, it seems that Mynheer
Cornelius has really escaped," said the
officer.

"Yes, from prison perhaps, but not
from the town; you will see Van Deken,
that the poor fellow will find the gate
closed against him, which he hoped to
find open."

"Has an order been given to close the
town-gates, Monsieur?"

"No, at least I do not think so; who
could have given such an order?"

"Indeed, but what makes your High-
ness suppose—?"

"There are fatalities," Monsieur
replied, in an off-hand manner; "and the
greatest men have sometimes fallen vic-
tims to such fatalities."

At these words the officer felt his blood

run cold, and some how or other he was
convinced that the prisoner was lost.

At this moment the roar of the multi-
tude broke forth like thunder, for it was
now quite certain that Cornelius De Witte
was no longer in the prison.

Cornelius and John, after driving along
the pond, had taken the large street
which leads to the Tol-Hek, giving di-
rections to the coachman to slacken his
pace, in order not to excite any suspi-
cion.

But when, on having proceeded half
way down the street, the man felt that
he had left the prison and death behind,
and before him there was life and lib-
erty, he neglected every precaution, and set
his horse off at a gallop.

All at once he stopped.
"What is the matter?" asked John,
putting his head out of the coach-win-
dow.

"Oh! my masters," cried the coach-
man, "it is—"

Terror choked the voice of the honest
fellow.

"Well, say what you have to say!"
urged the Grand Pensionary.

"The gate is closed, that's what it is."

"How is this? It is not usual to close
the gate by day."

"Just look!"

John De Witte leaned out of the win-
dow, and indeed said that the man was
right.

"Never mind, but drive on," said John;
"I have with me the order for the com-
mutation of the punishment, the gate-
keeper will let us through."

The carriage moved along, but it was
evident that the driver was no longer
urging his horses with the same degree
of confidence.

Moreover, as John De Witte put his
head out of the carriage-window, he was
seen and recognized by a brewer, who,
being behind his companions, was just
slutting his door in all haste to join them
at the Buitenhof. He uttered a cry of
surprise, and ran after two other men be-
fore him, whom he overtook about a
hundred yards farther on, and told them
what he had seen. The three men then
stopped, looking after the carriage, being,
however, not yet quite sure as to whom
it contained.

The carriage, in the meanwhile, ar-
rived at the Tol-Hek.

"Open!" cried the coachman.

"Open!" echoed the gatekeeper, from
the threshold of his lodge; "it's all very
well to say, open, but then what am I to
do with it?"

"With the key, to be sure!" said the
coachman.

"With the key! Oh, yes! but if you
have not got it?"

"How is that? Have not you got the
key?" asked the coachman.

"No, I haven't."

"What has become of it?"

"Well, they have taken it from me."

"Who?"

"Some one, I dare say, who had a
mind that no one should leave the town."

"My good man," said the Grand Pen-
sionary, putting out his head from the
window, and risking all for gaining all;
"my good man, it is for me, John De
Witte, and for my brother Cornelius,
whom I am taking away into exile."

"Oh! Mynheer De Witte, I am in-
deed very much grieved," said the gate-
keeper, rushing towards the carriage;
"but upon my sacred word, the key has
been taken from me."

"When?"

"This morning."

"By whom?"

"By a pale and thin young man, of
about twenty-two."

"And wherefore did you give it up to
him?"

"Because he showed me an order,
signed and sealed."

"By whom?"

"By the gentlemen of the Town-hall."

"Well, then," said Cornelius, calmly,
"our doom seems to be fixed."

"Do you know whether the same pre-
caution has been taken at the other
gates?"

"I do not."

"Now, then," said John the coach-
man, "God commands man to do all in
his power to preserve his life; go, and
drive to another gate."

And whilst the servant was turning
round the vehicle, the Grand Pensionary
said to the gatekeeper—

"Take our thanks for your good in-
tentions; the will must count for the
deed; you had the will to save us, and,
in the eyes of the Lord, it is as if you had
succeeded in doing so."

"Alas!" said the gatekeeper, "do you
see down there?"

"Drive at a gallop through that group,"
John called out to the coachman, "and
take the street on the left, it is our only
chance."

The group which John alluded to had,
for its nucleus, those three men we left
looking after the carriage, and who, in
the meanwhile, had been joined by seven
or eight others.

These new-comers evidently meant
mischievous in regard to the carriage.

When they saw the horses galloping
down upon them, they placed themselves
across the street, brandishing cudgels in
their hands, and calling out—

"Stop! stop!"

The coachman, on his side, lashed his
horses into increased speed, until the
coach and the men encountered.

The brothers De Witte, inclosed within
the body of the carriage, were not able to
see anything; but they felt a severe
shock, occasioned by the rearing of the
horses. The whole vehicle for a moment
shook and stopped; but immediately af-
ter, passing over something round and
elastic, which seemed to be the body of a
prostrate man, set off again amidst a vol-
ley of the fiercest oaths.

"Alas!" said Cornelius, "I am afraid
we have hurt some one."

"Gallop! gallop!" called John.

But, notwithstanding this order, the
coachman suddenly came to a stop.

"Now then, what is the matter again?"
asked John.

"Look there!" said the coachman.

John looked. The whole mass of the
populace from the Buitenhof appeared at
the extremity of the street along which
the carriage was to proceed, and its
stream moved roaring and rapid, as if
lashed on by a hurricane.

"Stop and get off," said John to the
coachman; "it is useless to go any fur-
ther: we are lost!"

"Here they are! here they are!" five
hundred voices were crying at the same
time.

"Yes, there they are, the traitors, the
murderers, the assassins!" answered the
men who were running after the carriage,
to the people who were coming to meet
it. The former carried in their arms the
bruised body of one of their companions,
who, trying to seize the reins of the
horses, had been trodden down by them.

This was the object over which the
two brothers had felt their carriage pass.

The coachman stopped, but, however
strongly his master urged him, he re-
fused to get off and save himself.

In an instant, the carriage was hem-
med in between those who followed and
those who met it. It rose above the
mass of moving heads like a floating
island. But in another instant it came
to a dead stop. A blacksmith had, with
his hammer, struck down one of the
horses, which fell in the traces.

At this moment, the shutter of a win-
dow opened, and disclosed the sallow face
and the dark eyes of the young man, who
with intense interest watched the scene
which was preparing.

Behind him appeared the head of the
officer, almost as pale as himself.

"Good heavens, Monsieur, what is
going on here?" whispered the officer.

"Something very terrible, to a certain-
ty," replied the other.

Don't you see, Monsieur, they are
dragging the Grand Pensionary from the
carriage, they strike him, they tear him
to pieces."

"Indeed, these people must certainly
be prompted by a most violent indigna-
tion," said the young man, with the
same impassible tone which he had pre-
served all along.

"And here is Cornelius, whom they
likewise drag out of the carriage—Cor-
nelius, who is already quite broken and
mangled by the torture. Only look,
look!"

"Indeed, it is Cornelius, and no mis-
take."

The officer uttered a feeble cry, and
turned his head away; the brother of
the Grand Pensionary, before having set
foot on the ground, whilst still on the
bottom step of the carriage, was struck
down with an iron bar which broke his
skull. He rose once more, but immedi-
ately fell again.

Some fellows then seized him by the
feet, and dragged him into the crowd, in-
to the middle of which one might have
followed his bloody track, and he was
soon closed in among the savage yells of
malignant exultation.

The young man—a thing which would
have been thought impossible—grew
even paler than before, and his eyes were
for a moment veiled behind his lids.

The officer saw this sign of compas-
sion, and, wishing to avail himself of the
softened tone of his feelings, continued—

"Come, come, Monsieur, for here
they are also going to murder the Grand
Pensionary."

But the young man had already opened
his eyes again.

"To be sure," he said. "These peo-
ple are really implacable. It does no
good to offend them."

"Monsieur," said the officer, "may
not one save this poor man, who has
been your Highness's instructor? If
there be any means name it, and if I
should perish in the attempt."

William of Orange—for he it was—
knit his brows in a very forbidding man-
ner, restrained the glance of gloomy man-
ice which glistened in the half-closed
eye, and answered—

"Captain Van Deken, I request you to
look after my troops, that they may be
armed for any emergency."

"But I am to leave your Highness
here, alone, in the presence of all these
murderers?"

"Go, and don't you trouble yourself
about me more than I do about myself,"
the Prince briefly replied.

The officer started off with a speed
which was much less owing to his sense
of military obedience, than to his pleas-
ure at being relieved from the necessity
of witnessing the shocking spectacle of
the murder of the other brother.

He had scarcely left the room, when
John—who with an almost superhuman
effort had reached the stone steps of a
house, nearly opposite that where his
former pupil concealed himself—began
to stagger under the blows which were
inflicted on him from all sides, calling
out—

"My brother—where is my brother?"

One of the ruffians knocked off his hat
with a blow of his clenched fist.

Another showed to him his bloody
hands; for this fellow had ripped open
Cornelius and disembowelled him, and
was now hastening to the depot in order
not to lose the opportunity of serving the
Grand Pensionary in the same manner,
whilst they were dragging the dead body
of Cornelius to the gibbet.

John uttered a cry of agony and grief,
and put one of his hands before his eyes.

"Oh! you close your eyes, do you?"
said one of the soldiers of the burgher-
guard; "well, I shall open them for you."

And saying this, he stabbed him with
his pike in the face, and the blood spurt-
ed forth.

"My brother!" cried John De Witte,
trying to see, through the stream of blood
which blinded him, what had become of
Cornelius; "my brother, my brother!"

"Go and run after him!" bellowed an-
other murderer, putting his musket to
his temple and pulling the trigger.

But the gun did not go off.

The fellow then turned his musket
round, and, taking it by the barrel with
both hands, struck John De Witte down
with the butt-end. John staggered and
fell down at his feet, but raising himself,
with a last effort, he once more called
out—

"My brother!" with a voice so full of
anguish, that the young man opposite
closed the shutter.

There remained little more to see; a
third murderer fired a pistol with the
muzzle to his face; and this time the
shot took effect, blowing out his brains.
John De Witte fell, to rise no more.

On this, every one of the miscreants,
emboldened by his fall, wanted to fire his
gun at him, or strike him with blows of
the sledge-hammer, or stab him with a
knife or sword; every one wanted to
draw a drop of blood from the fallen
hero, and tear off a shred from his gar-
ments.

And after having mangled, and torn,
and completely stripped the two brothers,
the mob dragged their naked and bloody
bodies to an extemporised gibbet, where
amateur executioners hung them up by
the feet.

Then came the most dastardly scound-
rels of all, who, not having dared to
strike the living flesh, cut the dead in
pieces, and then went about in the town
selling small slices of the bodies of John
and Cornelius at ten sous a piece.

We cannot take upon ourselves to say
whether, through the almost impercepti-
ble chink of the shutter, the young man
witnessed the conclusion of this shock-
ing scene; but at the very moment when
they were hanging the two martyrs on
the gibbet, he passed through the terrible
mob; which was too much absorbed in
the task, so gratifying to its taste, to take
any notice of him; and thus he reached
unobserved the Tol-Hek, which was still
closed.

"Ah! sir," said the gatekeeper, "do
you bring me the key?"

"Yes, my man, here it is."

"It is most unfortunate that you did
not bring me that key only one quarter
of an hour sooner," said the gatekeeper,
with a sigh.

"And why that?" asked the other.

"Because I might have opened the gate
to Mynheer De Witte, whereas, finding
the gate locked, they were obliged to
retrace their steps."

"Gate! gate!" cried a voice which
seemed to be that of a man in a hurry.

The Prince, turning round, observed
Captain Van Deken.

"Is that you, Captain?" he said. "You
are not yet out of the Hague? This is
executing my orders very slowly."

"Monsieur," replied the Captain,
"this is the third gate at which I have
presented myself; the two others were
closed."

"Well, this good man will open this
one for you: do it, my friend."

The last words were addressed to the
gatekeeper, who stood quite thunder-
struck on hearing Captain Van Deken
addressing by the title of Monsieur this
pale young man, to whom he him-
self had spoken in such a familiar way.
As it were, to make up for his fault,
he hastened to open the gate, which
swung creaking on its hinges.

"Will Monsieur avail himself of
my horse?" asked the Captain.

"I thank you, Captain, I shall use my
own steed, which is waiting for me close
at hand."

And, taking from his pocket a golden
whistle, which was generally used at
that time for summoning the servants, he
sounded it with a shrill and prolonged
call, on which an equerry on horseback
speedily made his appearance, leading
another horse by the bridle.

William, without touching the stirrup,

vaulted into the saddle of the led horse,
and, setting his spurs into its flanks,
started off for the Leyden road. Hav-
ing reached it, he turned round and
beckoned to the Captain, who was far
behind to ride by his side.

"Do you know," he then said, without
stopping, "that those rascals have killed
John De Witte as well as his brother?"

"Alas! Monsieur," the Captain
answered sadly, "I should like it much
better if these two difficulties were still
in your Highness's way of becoming de
facto Stadtholder of Holland."

"Certainly, it would have been better,"
said William, "if what did happen had
not happened. But it cannot be helped
now, and we have had nothing to do with
it. Let us push on, Captain, that we
may arrive at Alphen before the message
which the States-General are sure to
send to me to the camp."

The Captain bowed, allowed the Prince
to ride ahead, and, for the remainder of
the journey, kept at the same respect-
ful distance as he had done before his
Highness called him to his side.

"How I should wish," William of
Orange malignantly muttered to him-
self, with a dark frown and setting the
spurs to his horse, "to see the figure
which Louis will cut when he is apprised
of the manner in which his dear friends
De Witte have been served!"

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Correspondence of the Hartford Herald.
No. 2, VERNON PLACE, BLOOMSBURY,
BY SQUARE, LONDON, AUGUST 15.

The day following that on which I wrote
you from the steamer Victoria, we reached
London, at 9 p. m. After lying there
long enough to put off some passengers
and their luggage, we steamed for Scot-
land.

THE CLYDE AND GLASGOW.

We reached the mouth of the Clyde just
at daylight. This river is renowned for
its beautiful scenery, and also for the large-
est and best ship-building docks in the
world. The passengers were out bright
and early to gaze upon the beauties of its
banks. Land never looked as pretty to
me before. This was the first I had seen
since I left New York, except the blue hills
of Ireland, in the distance looking like so
many clouds. We steamed up the Clyde
to Greenock, a distance of forty miles be-
tween Glasgow. Here is located the cus-
tom-house, and it is here that the officers
come aboard and turn the baggage "upside
down" in search of tobacco and cigars,
and such articles as are imported from
our country. We were detained here
about two hours and a half, after which
the Captain announced that he could go
no farther on account of the low tide.

We were soon transferred to the shore,
put aboard a train, and reached Glasgow
at 12:30 a. m. My cousin and I, in com-
pany with a Mr. Bevan and lady, of New
York City, (for whom we formed quite an
attachment on the way), stopped at the
Queen's Hotel, a palatial building, and
"run" on an aristocratic plan. It is pat-
ronized by the nobility, consequently the
style. I much preferred a little less style
and more to eat. After dining, we got into
a carriage and took a drive through the
city and to West End Park. Glasgow is
a magnificent city, clean and nice, and
substantially built. The buildings are all
of elegant granite—not a brick house to be
seen. They look as though they were
built to last for centuries. The streets are
paved in the same substantial manner—
Glasgow is a city of some 500,000 souls,
and seems to be under good regulations.

The Scotch horse was something to attract
my attention. The idea occurred to me
that one of them would be a valuable ad-
dition to an American menagerie. They
are certainly the largest specimens of the
equine species I have ever seen. You
rarely see more than one hitched to an
ordinary wagon or carriage. West-End
Park is the pride of Glasgow. It is ex-
tensively improved, and the air is loaded
down with the odor of flowers and mus-
tard with the clattering of birds. While
taking that drive, we saw what we were
told was the highest chimney in the world
(525 feet). It belonged to a factory of
some kind, and actually seemed to tower
among the clouds. We also saw the large-
est livery stable in Great Britain, a stone
building, that covered a whole square and
contained one thousand horses.

OFF FOR LONDON.

We left Glasgow at 9 p. m. for London
by rail. In that portion of Scotland from
Glasgow to Edinburgh there are large quan-
tities of coal and iron ore, and the num-
erous smelting furnaces belching forth

It now turns out that Attorney-General PERREPOD had a confidential friend at Jackson, Miss., who reports that the Clinton riot was a fight between rival factions in the Radical party of that State, each endeavoring to gain the supremacy, and that, with the dispersion of the crowd, the row ended. There were but three Democrats present, and they did not participate in the fight. Such being the case, all well-disposed people will regret that the list of killed was so small.

"R. C.'S" REPLY:

No CREEK, Ky., Sept. 9.

EDITOR HERALD—I see that my article headed "Views of a Teacher" has elicited a reply from "G. M. R.," and I have no doubt he is fully persuaded that, like Ulysses in his famous pugilistic encounter with Iris, as related by Homer, after reserving half his force

M. R.'s judgment, and ought as a necessary consequence to lessen the value of his opinion on any subject connected with school teaching. And I can say, from my own knowledge and experience, that good teachers twenty years, thirty years ago, did not keep children in the spelling book two or three years, if they had any capacity to learn.

THE EXPOSITION.
Immense crowds can be seen leaving
most every day for the Louisville Exposi-
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Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange for country produce, paying the highest price. no

change market 1 ly	constantly on hand or made to order. ular attention given to plow stocking. 100 ly
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Partic- they will be forever barred.
E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C.
July 14, 1875. 28n3m

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Advertisements of business men are solicited;
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intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our
columns under any circumstances.
All communications and contributions for pub-
lication must be addressed to the Editor.
Communications in regard to advertising and job
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. Jos. Hageratt, Attorney, Elizabethtown.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May
and November, and continues four weeks each
term.

COUNTY COURT.
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every
month.

QUARTERLY COURT.
Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April,
July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.
Begins on the first Mondays in October and
January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.
Caneys District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December
18. E. F. Telford, Justice, held March 15, June
4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,
Justice, held March 3, June 13, September 2,
December 16. D. J. Wilson, Justice, held
March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Renter,
Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30,
December 15. T. S. Bennett, Justice, held
March 16, June 28, September 11, December
30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,
Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11,
December 27. S. Woodward, Justice, held March 21,
June 10, September 23, December 11.

Fairville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb,
Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-
ber 22. J. L. Barton, Justice, held March 29, June
7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March
9, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas.
Miller, Justice, held March 22, June 5, September
23, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jas. P. Cooper,
Justice, held March 13, June 23, September 14, De-
cember 22. A. B. Bennett, Justice, held March 23,
June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin,
Justice, held March 27, June 18, September 27, De-
cember 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, held March 17,
June 23, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,
Justice, held March 12, June 24, September 13, De-
cember 28. Jas. M. Leach, Justice, held March 26,
June 12, September 23, December 14.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. G.
Wedding, Justice, held March 19, June 5, September
21, December 7. Jas. A. Bennett, Justice, held
March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins,
Justice, held March 10, June 22, September 10, De-
cember 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 23,
June 9, September 21, December 19.

POLICE COURTS.
Hartford—J. H. Luce, Judge, second Mon-
days in January, April, July and October.
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first
Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, first
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.
Corals—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-
urday in March, June, September and Decem-
ber.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 15, 1875.

W. R. BONNER, Local Editor.

Particular Notice.
All persons indebted to this office, will
please call and pay up, as we are in urgent
need of some money. We cannot run a
newspaper without money, and hence we
are under the necessity of collecting as
fast as amounts fall due.

Special Notice
We have erased from our subscrip-
tion list the names of all subscribers
whose time has expired. We hope they
will all renew.

We will send THE HERALD from now
until the 1st of January next to any
address for 50 cents.

Address, enclosing the money, with
name, post-office address, county and
State, legibly written.

JNO. P. BARRETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,
Hartford, Ky.

The old Methodist church bell has
been transferred to the seminary.

Quite a number of our citizens will
start for the Louisville Exposition
about the 20th inst.

Our young friend J. D. Crow leaves
in a few days for Bethany College,
Va. We wish him a pleasant trip.

Mr. Richard A. Patton presented us
with a nice lot of peaches Monday.
They were delicious, and decidedly the
largest we have seen this season.

The singing class met at the court-
house Monday night, but was poorly
attended.

The merry laugh of the school chil-
dren are now heard.

Our merchants are receiving their
large stocks of fall goods.

Jerry Williams and Clarence Hard-
wick are building an Ajax No. 2,
which we heard they would run from
Pittsburgh to New Orleans(?)

Chills are quite popular now—nearly
everybody have them.

Five thousand people were supposed
to have been in attendance at the Tay-
lor reunion Thursday.

Mr. Washington Taylor, of Missis-
sippi, and Mr. Alfred Taylor, of Illi-
nois, attended the reunion last week,
and are still in town.

Miss Gertrude Houston, formerly of
this place, but now of Rockport, Ky.,
was in town Sunday.

The Premium Corn.
Wm. K. Wright is said to have the
finest crop of corn in the county. The
entire crop is on the ridges, and was
planted early.

Mr. John R. Moseley, of this county,
has a large flock of wild turkeys.
The eggs were found in the woods, and
"set" under domestic fowls. They are
disposed to wander, but come home
with the tame turkeys to roost.

B. W. Gossett, of "Texas," is said
to be the finest rifle shot in Ohio
county. To shoot a squirrel through
the head, seventy-five yards, off-hand,
is a feat easily accomplished by him,
however difficult it may be to others.

Call and leave your orders with W. C.
Chapman, (agt.) for fruit trees from the
Greenview Nursery. Fruit trees adapted
to the soil and climate at reduced rates.
Also grape vines from Knott & Chap-
man's vineyard, the best variety in the
State. n35-2m.

Prof. J. Ellis Haynes, who has been
the principal of our school for two or
three years, left us last week for Dix-
on, Webster county. The professor is
a teacher of experience and marked
ability, and made a host of friends
while here. We wish him success in
his new field of labor.

Visitors to the Exposition
at Louisville, should not fail to also visit
the great Clothing House of J. Winter &
Co., cor. 3d and Market streets. Their
new Fall stock is now complete, and all
their own manufacture.

Farmers are now happy. We had
a good rain Friday, which has changed
the appearance of things very much.
Business is getting better, and farmers
now wear smiles over their prospects
for unusually good crops.

L. J. Lyon will have Fresh Oysters
next Friday evening.

A Correction.
The local which appeared last week
in regard to "John P. Barrett, of
Louisville, Ky., &c.," was gotten up
for a joke, but as a great many in the
country believed it to be true, we
make this correction. There is nothing
of it. He is still here and expects
to remain. At the time it was written,
he was traveling for the Pomeroy Coal
Company, and was in the city a great
portion of his time.

Leave Your Measure
and have a nice fitting suit made to order
by J. Winter & Co., The Merchant Tailors
of Louisville. Custom Department
on second floor of their great Clothing
House. Cor. 3d and Market streets.

The Hartford Schools.
The fall session of the Hartford
school began on Monday last week,
with M. McIntyre as principal, as-
sisted by Miss H. M. Foreman. The
principal and assistant are both first-
class educators, and the school starts
out with very flattering prospects of
success.

Another Bank Robbed.
On Sunday night, September 5th,
the Hancock bank of Greenville, Ky.,
was robbed of the neat little sum of
thirty-five thousand dollars. For two
or three days previous to the robbery,
three very suspicious looking men
were to be seen loitering around the
bank, and is the general belief that
they were the guilty ones. A few
days before they reached Greenville, a
dispatch was received at Princeton,
Ky., stating that they were bound for
that place, coming from below. Mr.
R. B. Ratliff, the banker was greatly
excited, but with the assistance of the
some of the citizens, succeeded in
guarding the bank and prevented
them making an attack upon it. They
are supposed to be regular bank rob-
bers, and they are up to their business,
as the safe which they opened for Mr.
Hancock had a combination lock upon
it, and they are very difficult to work
successfully without understanding them.

The Ohio County Fair.

The next meeting of this association
promises to be the grandest affair ever
held on their beautiful grounds. We
hear of a great deal of stock to be here
and compete for the liberal premiums
offered. The Elizabethtown brass
band will furnish music, and every-
thing will be done to make the occa-
sion pleasant to those in attendance.

Last Monday evening, while the
west bound freight train, on the L. P.
& S. W. R. R. was at Elm Lick, the
conductor, Mr. Chapman, fell from a
box car and received several bad
bruises. Fortunately the train was
not in motion, or he would have been
killed instantly, as he fell between the
rails.

If you want to buy groceries cheap, go
to
L. J. Lyons's

A Vicious Hog.
A little daughter of Mrs. Guest,
living in Backhorn, was attacked by a
vicious sow one day last week, and
sustained a fracture of the collar bone
and several severe bruises. We are
glad to learn that the little sufferer is
in a fair way to a speedy recovery.

A Mean Act.
Some thoughtless, or rather meanly
disposed person mutilated a fine colt
belonging to Squire Wm. H. Cum-
mins, of this county, by cutting off a
portion of its ear. The Squire will is-
sue a warrant for that chap quicker
than lightning, should he ever find
him out.

An Escaped Convict.
W. M. Coffee, a convict from Har-
din county, made his escape from the
penitentiary at Frankfort, Saturday,
September 4th. He was sent from
Hardin county in August, 1874, for
horse-stealing, for a term of five years.
He obtained an old pair of faded con-
vict pants, which he dyed to a dark
brownish color, and by means of an
old pea-jacket, a straw hat, and a pair
of Burnside whiskers, proceeded to the
front gate, rang the bell and was al-
lowed to go on his way without detec-
tion. He is an adroit thief, and a
shrewd criminal. It is thought he
was born in Louisville, and christened
with the name of James Wells, as he
has been heard to say. His operations
have been in Kentucky and Missouri.
He has served a term in the Nashville
penitentiary for larceny. His aliases
are numerous. Coffee is said to be
about 32 years of age, 5 feet 8 1/2 inches
high, and weighs 147 pounds; has
hazel eyes, black hair, and has
lost two teeth from the upper part
of his mouth. A reward of \$100 has
been offered by Jerry South for his de-
livery to him at Frankfort.

Transfers of Real Estate.
The following transfers of real estate
have been lodged for record since our last
report, viz:
Grant Johnson to Barnett Johnson,
10 1/2 acres on Panther Creek, \$450-
00.
Mrs. Margaret Rummage to John
C. Westerfield, life estate in Joseph
Nelson's land, \$200.00.
A. D. Edge to Isaac Nelson, 50
acres on Deserter's Fork, \$400.00
G. W. Patterson to Jeffrey Alexan-
der, 52 acres on Green River, \$800.00.
William Cook to James Cook jr. 100
acres on Parker's Creek, \$600.00.
Frank Tichenor to W. B. Tichenor,
5 tracts, 159 acres. Exchange of land.
Sheriff Smith to J. C. Turns, 100
acres in District No. 8, \$94.59.

Marriage Licenses.
The following is a list of the marriage
licenses issued since our last report:
Sperling Moore and Miss Mary A.
Bishop.
Peter P. Hancock and Miss Ar-
mintha Yauger.

Mr. Bain's Lecture.
According to published appointment,
Mr. George W. Bain, Grand Council-
or of the L. O. G. T., addressed a small
audience of our people at the court-
house. It was unfortunate that Bro.
Bain's visit occurred just at this time,
for he is a favorite here, and never
before failed to be greeted with a crowd-
ed house. But just now there is
scarcely a family in town free from
sickness, hence the light turn-out to
hear the peerless advocate of the tem-
perance cause. His lecture was able,
of course, logical and convincing. He
stated facts that are undoubted and
advanced arguments that are unanswer-
able. His flights of fancy were brilliant
and poetical; his anecdotes pointed,
apt and witty; and his entire speech
was a credit to himself, to his cause,
and gave unbounded satisfaction to
his audience. We hope that Brother
Bain will visit us again at some more
auspicious period, when the town is
not crushed under the ban of almost
universal disease.

**Meeting of the Ohio County
Council.**
The next regular meeting of the
Ohio County Council, P. of O. will be
on the Friday immediately preceding
the first Monday in October next.
R. P. Hockm, Sec'y.
September 8th, 1875.

IN MEMORIAM.

JENNIE McHENRY TAYLOR.
NOMBER 13, 1854—SEPTEMBER 7, 1875.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flow'r of all the field.
[Shakespeare.]

The subject of this memorial tribute
was one of those rare lovable characters
the good God at long and infrequent in-
tervals accords to earth as evidence of the
existence of angels.

She possessed in profusion many of the
attributes that we credit to the bright sis-
terhood of Heaven, and was remarkably
free from the grosser elements that pecu-
liarized her mortal nature.

Her heart was a fountain of love whose
sweet, sympathetic waters ran out to all
her fellow-creatures.

Her soul never harbored hate or envy.
Her nature was essentially sympathetic,
and the sorrows and griefs of her friends
weighed upon her as her own.

No one knew her, but to love; no one
named her, but to praise.

Too pure, too good for earth, in the
dawn of her sinless youth and the radiance
of her maiden beauty, she has passed
away, like the fragile flower that
reserves its sweetest perfume for and
its snowy bosom to the first beam of the
sun, and exhales into heaven.

In her death our little community has
suffered an irreparable loss.

Her beauty was transient as the hue of
the rose, and perishes in the gloom of the
tomb.

Her voice was sweet and musical as the
tones of the fairy-harp hidden in the ever-
green branches of the mountain pine.

It rang clear as a silver bell when she
sang, and was soft and melodious as a
flute upon water when she conversed.

"Alas! silence reigns where music was."
"She is not dead, but sleeping."

Thanks be unto God, the Newer Day
and the Perfect Vision cometh, when we
shall look upon her more radiantly beau-
tiful than when on earth she walked "the
center and the pivot of our loving hearts."

Early dead; but not before she had
sought and found "the way unto salva-
tion."

Death, for her, had no terror.
In the refulgent light of the Cross the
grave shone as the gateway to the City of
God, "bright as the morning with precious
jewels more brilliant than many suns."

Let us all who knew and loved her
make her our exemplar—live as she lived,
die as she died—that we may meet and
greet her "in our Father's house."

Let us not forget, amid our tears and
mourning, that though she is dead to us
she is alive to all the beauty and glory
and grandeur and enduring happiness of
Heaven.

And when we sing her favorite hymn,
let us sing it as she sung it, with hearts
attuned to its lofty aspirations, making
each line a prayer and every verse a sup-
plication.

Let me go; my soul is weary
Of the chain which binds it here;
Let my spirit bend its pinion
To a brighter, holier sphere:
Earth, 'tis true, hath friends who bless me
With their fond and faithful love,
But the hands of angels beckon
Onward to the climes above.

G.

**Resolutions of Respect Adopted
by the Hartford Sabbath School
and Choir, September 12th 1875.**

WHEREAS On the 7th day of September,
1875, we pleased our Heavenly Father to
call from time to eternity our beloved
friend and associate, Miss JENNIE M.
TAYLOR, it is fitting that we, her sur-
vivors, feeling deeply her loss, should pay
a proper tribute to her memory. While
we recognize and bow to the will of God,
in depriving us of our dear friend; while
we realize the sad fact that she no longer
occupies her accustomed seat in her class;
that the flush has faded from her cheek;
that the lustre from her eye; that the joyous
smile has left the lip, and Death's cold
touch has chilled the fountains of the
heart; yet, it is sweet to remember that
He who said, "Come unto me," has sum-
moned dear JENNIE to share the joys of
Heaven, and, amid the ransomed throng,
with seraphic millions there to blend that
sweet alto voice in anthems of praise to
God, our Father, our Savior, our King.

Resolved: That we will ever cherish
the tenderest recollections for the mem-
ory of her whom we all loved so dearly.

Resolved: That we offer to the sorrow-
bereaved family our sincerest condolence,
in this their hour of deep sorrow.

Resolved: That THE HARTFORD HERALD
be requested to publish these resolutions,
and that a copy of the same be furnished
to the family of the deceased.

Mrs. JENNIE McHENRY,
Mrs. LOUISE CHAPMAN,
Miss EVA GRIFPIN,
Miss MARY PENDLETON, Com.
E. T. WILLIAMS,
Wm. PHIPPS,
Wm. McINTYRE.

A Singular Stalk of Corn.
Mr. John A. Taylor, living near
Cromwell, brought to this office one
day last week, a forked stalk of corn.
It evidently grew from one grain, as
the fork was fully two feet above the
ground, and was a single stalk from
the fork down to the ground. Some
of our oldest farmers say they never
saw anything to equal it in the way of
a stalk of corn.

BORN.
Born August 19th, 1875, to MAG-
GIE, wife of W. E. TOWNSEND, a boy—
JOHN CONYERS.

MR. GRUELLE will leave for his new
scene of labor the latter part of this
week. We are indebted to him for
editorial assistance on this issue of our
paper.

OUR CANEYVILLE LETTER.

CANEYVILLE, Ky., Sept. 9.
EDITOR HERALD:—The busy time
is over with our farmers, our common
schools are in full blast, and the health
and happiness of the country here-
abouts is, we claim, excelled by no
section in the State. People are throng-
ing from all parts of the surrounding
country, and leaving this place daily
for Louisville to see the grand display
of arts and inventions.

OBITUARY.
Bluford Beauchamp, who had been
suffering for about five weeks of neural-
gia of the bone in the right leg, and
submitted to the amputation of the
afflicted limb by Doctors Pendleton
and Tilford on Sunday, the 29th ult.,
died at his residence on Thursday last.
Mr. Beauchamp was in every respect
a perfect gentleman, and his loss is
mourned by a wife and five children,
and all who knew him.

A NEW STOREHOUSE.
Messrs. Skaggs & Kennedy, our enter-
prising contractors and builders, have
contracted to erect a new storehouse
for W. J. Wilson & Bro., on the East
side of Main Street in South Caney-
ville.

AND THEY WERE LICKED.
Just as we expected, the Litchfield
chaps who played a match game of
croquet with the Caneyville club, a
few days ago, on their return home
gave the Herald a very unjust account
of the game, by recounting the best
which they did one game, but by one
stroke only, while they were beaten
by five bridges in the other game.

ROMEO PINKSTAFF.

FROM POINT PLEASANT.
POINT PLEASANT, Ohio County,
Ky., Sept. 10.

EDITOR HERALD:—Rainy days have
once more given place to the golden
sunshine, and dewy morn. Crop pros-
pects are more favorable. That part
of our country which was not entirely
inundated during the rainy season, has
revived wonderfully during the last
two weeks, and it is probable that the
yield will considerably exceed that of
last year. The wheat-thresher is heard
no more within our land; and now
there is but little to break the peace-
ful quietude, save the song of the grass-
hopper, by day, and the accusations of
the katydid, by night. There is plenty
of cake and a fair prospect for sor-
ghum.

The patrons of West Point school
met on the 4th inst. for the purpose of
securing a uniformity of text-books.
R. P. Rowe, teacher in charge, deliv-
ered a very pointed lecture on school in-
terests, showing the great value of an
education, the importance of uniformi-
ty of text-books, and regular attend-
ance. After which suggestions were
made by the patrons, in regard to the
best method of getting up uniformity
of books. The most popular of which
seemed to be for the trustees to select
among those recommended by the
board of education, such a book in each
branch as is most extensively used in
the district.

A choir conducted by S. W. Tiche-
nor, makes the air ring with sweet
music each Sabbath. The session will
soon close; but it is hoped that another
will soon begin, which will afford all
who attend a good opportunity to be-
come expert in singing the songs of
Zion.

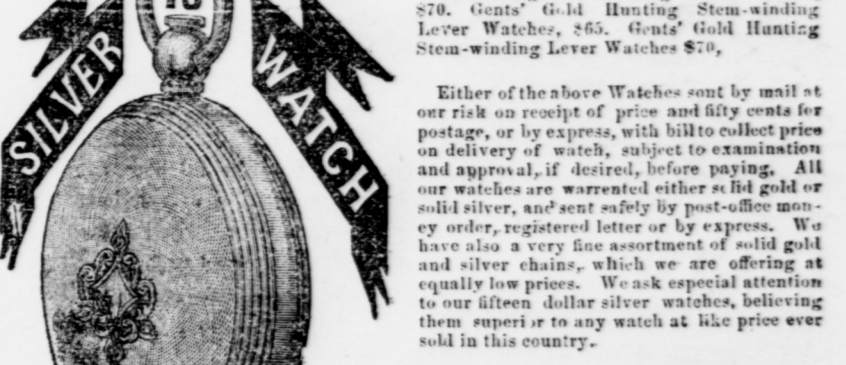
On the 3d inst. the writer was very
much frightened by putting his hand
on a large rattlesnake, while removing
a pile of old rails. The snake was
soon killed; but the alarm was after-
wards increased by the grasshoppers,
which seemed endowed with miracu-
lous power of imitation. NEMO.

HARTFORD RETAIL MARKETS.
Corrected Weekly by Wm. H. Williams.

HARTFORD, Ky., Sept. 15, 1875.
Apples, dried, 1/2 bush.....\$ 1 50 @ 1 75
Apples, green, 1/2 bush..... 50 @ 75
Bacon, (sides) 1/2 lb..... 15 @ 16
Beans, 1/2 bush..... 1 25 @ 1 50
Brooms, 1/2 doz..... 3 50
Butter, 1/2 lb..... 15 @ 20
Candles, 1/2 lb..... 25 @ 40
Candles, 1/2 lb..... 25 @ 28
Coffee, 1/2 lb..... 25 @ 28
Cheese, 1/2 lb..... 25 @ 28
Crackers, 1/2 lb..... 15 @ 25
Coal oil, 1/2 gallon..... 30 @ 35
Chickens, 1/2 doz..... 1 50 @ 1 75
Corn, 1/2 barrel..... 3 00
Corn-skins..... nominal
Eggs, 1/2 doz..... 8 @ 10
Flour, 1/2 barrel..... 6 00 @ 7 00
Honey, 1/2 lb..... 4 @ 4 1/2
Hay, 1/2 100 lb..... 75 @ 80
Hides, green, salted, 1/2 lb..... 5 @ 6
Hides, dried flat, 1/2 lb..... 10 @ 12 1/2
Lard, 1/2 lb..... 18 @ 20
Lard oil, 1/2 gallon..... 1 25
Lime, 1/2 barrel..... 2 00 @ 2 50
Meal, unbolted, 1/2 bush..... 75 @ 80
Molasses, 1/2 gallon..... 75 @ 1 00
Mackerel, 1/2 kit..... 1 50 @ 2 00
Mackerel, 1/2 barrel..... 8 50 @ 10 00
Nails, 1/2 keg, 10d..... 4 25 @ 5 50
Oysters, 1/2 can..... 12 1/2 @ 20
Onions, 1/2 barrel..... 3 00 @ 50
Potatoes, Irish, 1/2 bush..... 1 50 @ 1 75
Peaches, dried, 1/2 bush..... 12 1/2 @ 15
Rice, 1/2 lb..... 2 50
Salt, 1/2 barrel..... 10 @ 12 1/2
Sugar, N. O. 1/2 lb..... 12 1/2 @ 14
Sugar, C. 1/2 lb..... 12 1/2 @ 14
Sugar, crushed pow'd, 1/2 lb..... 17 1/2 @ 20
Soap, 1/2 lb..... 8 @ 10
Starch, 1/2 lb..... 10 @ 12
Soda, 1/2 lb..... 10 @ 12
Tallow, 1/2 lb..... 6 @ 8
Tar, 1/2 gallon..... 50 @ 60
Teas, 1/2 lb..... 1 50 @ 2 00
Tobacco, manufac'd, 1/2 lb..... 75 @ 1 50

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

Exact Size of Our \$15 Watches
Gent's Silver Hunting Key winding Lever
Watches \$15. Gent's Silver Hunting Stem-
winding Lever-watches, \$25. Ladies' Gold Hunting
Key-winding Lever Watches, \$30. Ladies'
Gold Hunting Stem-winding Lever Watches,
\$70. Gent's 6-14 Hunting Stem-winding
Lever Watches, \$65. Gent's Gold Hunting
Stem-winding Lever Watches \$70.



Either of these Watches sent by mail at
our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents for
postage, or by express, with bill to collect price
on delivery of watch, subject to examination
and approval, if desired, before paying. All
our watches are warranted either solid gold or
solid silver, and sent safely by post-office money
order, registered letter or by express. We
have also a very fine assortment of solid gold
and silver chains, which we are offering at
equally low prices. We ask special attention
to our fifteen dollar silver watches, believing
them superior to any watch at like price ever
sold in this country.

If you want a Good Watch at a Low
Price send for our new illustrated Price List
of Gold and Silver Watches which shows size
and prices of about fifty different styles. We
send it free to any address.

C. P. BARNES & BRO., Jewelers
(by Mail.) Main st. bt. 6th & 7th Louisville, Ky.

FIRST New Goods

OF THE
SEASON,
WM. H. WILLIAMS,
HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens
of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

**Receiving Daily,
THE LATEST NOVELTIES
IN
DRY GOODS,**

Gent's and Boys' Clothing,
**Hats, Caps,
BOOTS & SHOES,
Hardware, Queensware.**

Staple and
FANCY GROCERIES,

Also dealer in
Leaf Tobacco,

